

## Fishy Face

Busdriver

My love jet was supposed to be fuel efficient  
But everybody knows that is just a boobish misprint  
On the brochure; Oh sure, such a hubris is fit  
To procure your pure, yeah, prudish princess  
Back when I put my reproductive glands in a plaster cast  
Thinkin' that my Woody Woodpecker would always flabbergast  
But my head trouser snake is more like a pamper asp  
And I never had the candor to ask, "Am I really all that?" (Uh...)  
Way before I ever got to pinch the folds  
Of the hottest chicks, comic strips were like ninja scrolls  
And my heart was an iridescent listless cove  
Yeah, I'm echoing the rhetoric of pimpin' hoes  
From the homies sipping on a Michelob  
Yeah, fuck them niggas, they can all just lick my chode  
Because I speak in amorous whispers that wisp her lobe  
I said I speak in amorous whispers that wisp her lobe  
But in order for a lady to ever admit my bulge  
I need an entrance fee or an encryption code  
Should I start cookin' crack on the kitchen stove?  
Actin' like a superfly stupefied, wearing an Egyptian robe  
Or just join a swing band, get a wingman  
Maybe I can pull girls with the old pick-and-roll  
I need a beauty queen from movie scenes to kiss this toad  
Not my goofy schemes resulting in me getting a fist to the nose

Hey, I make that fishy face, that kissy face  
When I'm throwin' "what ifs" at your puffed lips  
Hey, I make that fishy face, that kissy face  
When my sky's beneath your shoes

Don't go, no, die slowly, cause we don't get along no more

And so I figured I could draft a piece of fiction  
While you were waiting for food at the pizza kitchen  
Just romanticize the idea of being grief-stricken  
Yeah, all grumpy and bummy and all fleabitten  
And now your sex drive is revved up within each piston  
I found the perfect way for a nigga to meet chickens  
I'm now the persnickety palindrome piecer  
Her fidgety xylophone seeker  
Suffering in a used car, FUBAR, with my teeth missin'  
And now I bone a range of after-party harlots  
Kickin' this old game like an Atari cartridge  
Just from freelancing with a socialist tribune, I get poon  
And give dick to who wants the goo gob  
And diss Lou Dobbs and Brit Hume like

Smooches, kisses, smooches, kisses  
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Come on now, no one thinks that real niggas love rappin' nerdy  
Or go to art exhibits and museums and view taxidermy  
So go date a slew of tax attorneys  
Who have logistically mapped their thirties  
But I put them fools on padded gurneys  
I hit it when your ass was fat and perky  
But now you look like a Susan Sarandon doll  
And I'm as volatile as a human cannon ball  
I still rap like it's commentary for a horse race  
With the political impetus of John Kerry's court case  
For a vote recount-I got O.G. clout  
I tell hoes, "Peace out" when they become bitter Strawberry Shortcakes  
I move on, sleep on a futon arbitrarily in a storage space  
From now on I solemnly make a pledge  
To move her in just cause she's great in bed  
And grate hearts up on a serrated edge  
And break a year lease  
While screamin' in your ear piece

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